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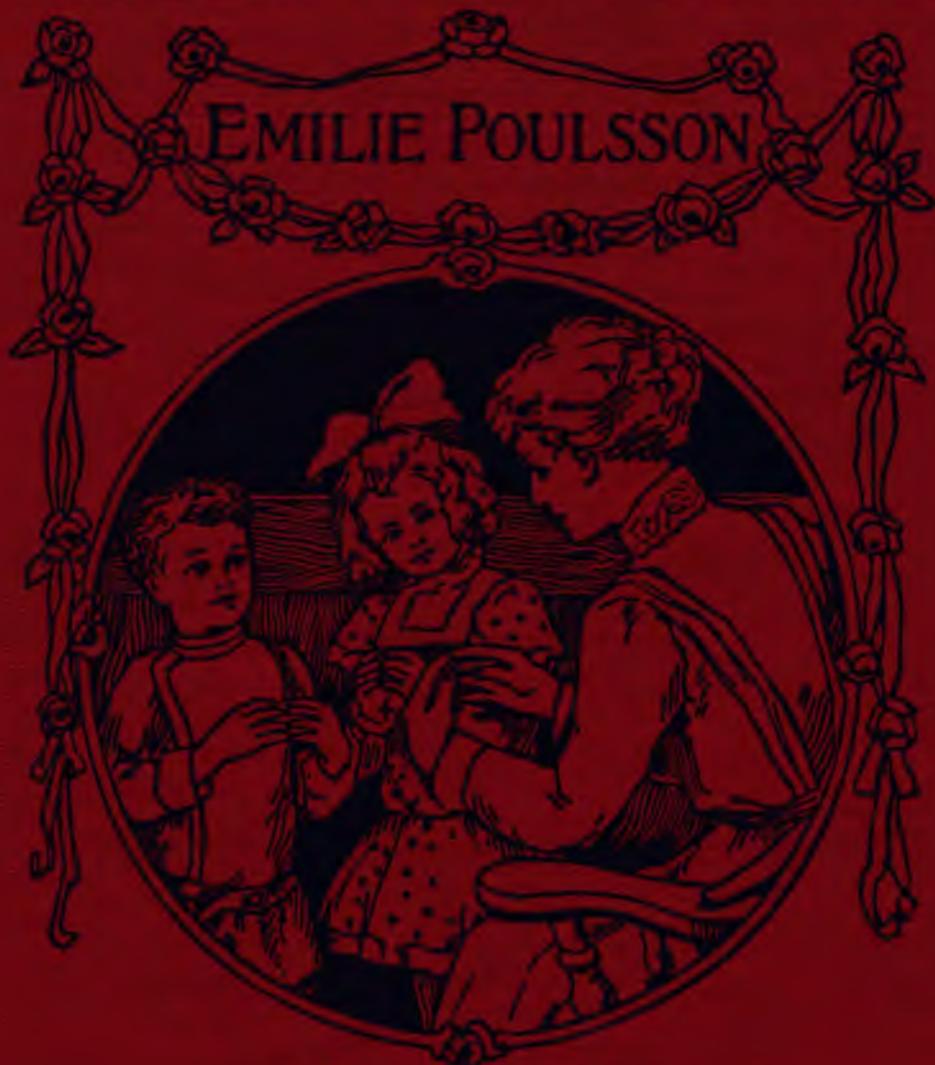
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FINGER PLAYS

FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN



MUSIC By
CORNELIA C. ROESKE

This One



YY37-28P-Q3QH



"WHAT THE CHILD IMITATES, HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND." — *Froebel.*

FINGER PLAYS

FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN



Music By

CORNELIA C. ROESKE

Illustrations By L. J. BRIDGMAN

BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD Co.

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P R E F A C E.

“WHAT the child imitates,” says Froebel, “he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance.”

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowded over “Pat-a-cake” and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

“Here is the church,
And here’s the steeple,
Open the doors,
And here are the people!”

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their *raison d’être*. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in BABYLAND, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays “All for Baby” throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might — while children seven or eight years of age play and sing “The Caterpillar,” “How the Corn Grew” and others with very evident enjoyment.

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kindergartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still farther, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described:

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction for the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the last verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Boston, 1889.

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DEDICATED
TO
LITTLE CHILDREN

AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN

BY THEIR FRIEND,

EMILIE POULSSON.



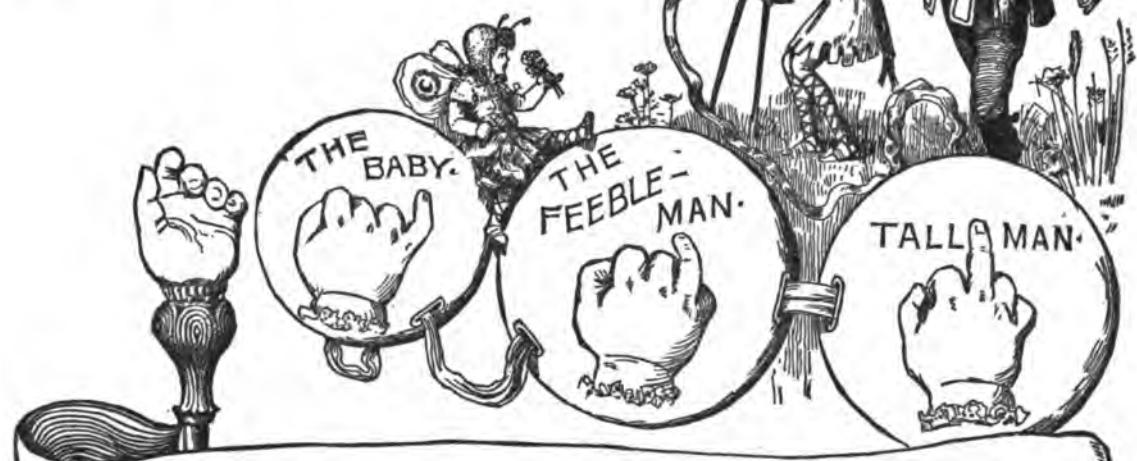


Oh! where are the merry, merry Little Men
 To join us in our play?
 And where are the busy, busy Little Men
 To help us work to-day?



Upon each hand
 A little band
 For work or play is ready.
 The first to come
 Is Master Thumb;
 Then Pointer, strong and steady;

Then Tall Man high;
And just close by
The Feeble Man doth linger;
And last of all,
So fair and small,
The baby — Little Finger.



Yes! here are the merry, merry Little Men
To join us in our play;
And here are the busy, busy Little Men
To help us work to-day.



THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROBBEL.

The musical score consists of two staves for the upper voices and a basso continuo staff. The upper voices are in common time, G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The basso continuo staff is in common time, F major, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts begin with a short melodic line, followed by a piano-like accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

Oh! where are the mer - ry,
 mer - ry Lit - tie Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tie Men To
 help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a Lit - tie band For work or play is

THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

13

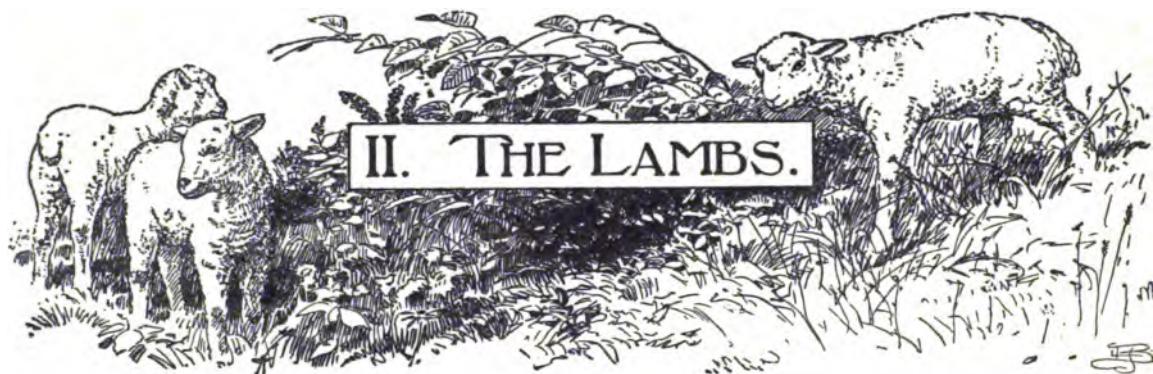
read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y; Then

Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - bie Man doth lin - ger; And last of all, So

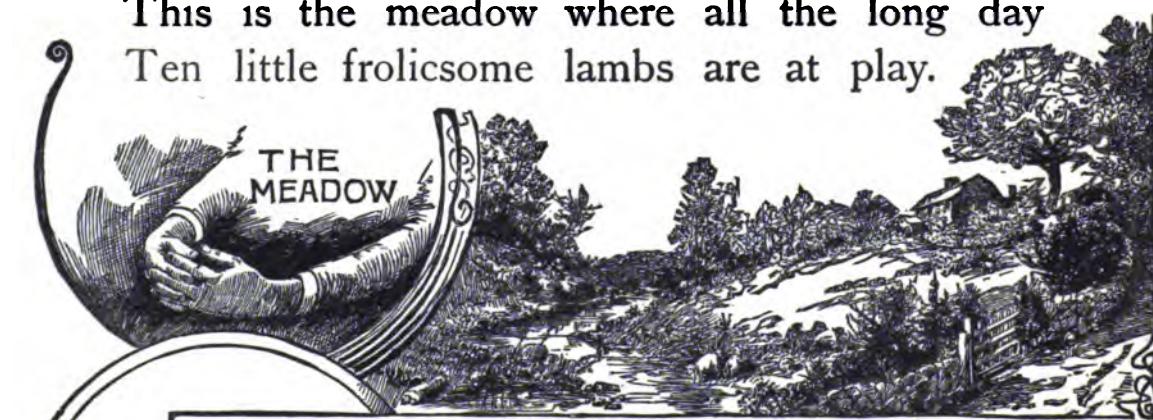
fair and small, The ba - by—Lit - tie Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Little Men To

join us in our play; And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tie Men To help us work to - day.

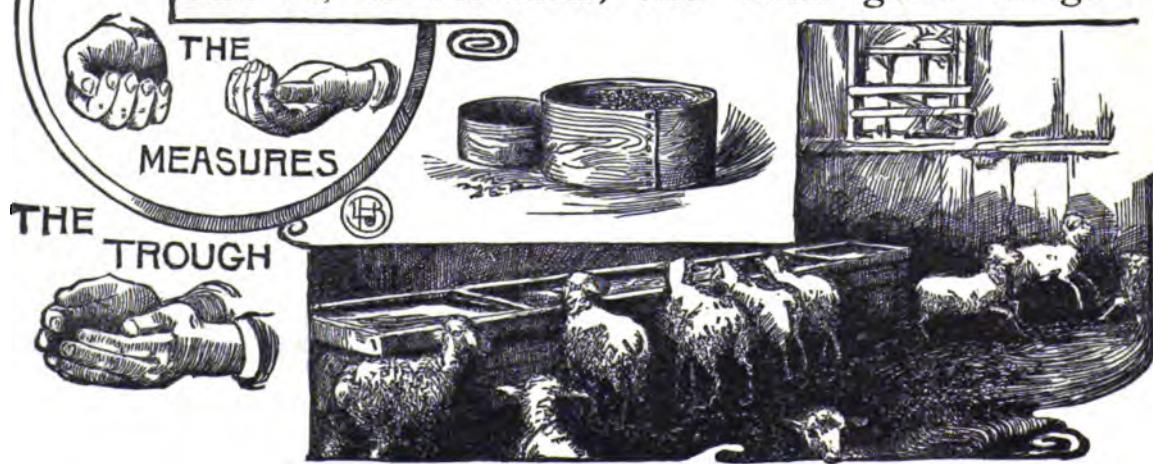
The music consists of eight staves of musical notation for a piano, with the right hand part on the treble clef staff and the left hand part on the bass clef staff. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes in a narrative style.



This is the meadow where all the long day
Ten little frolicsome lambs are at play.



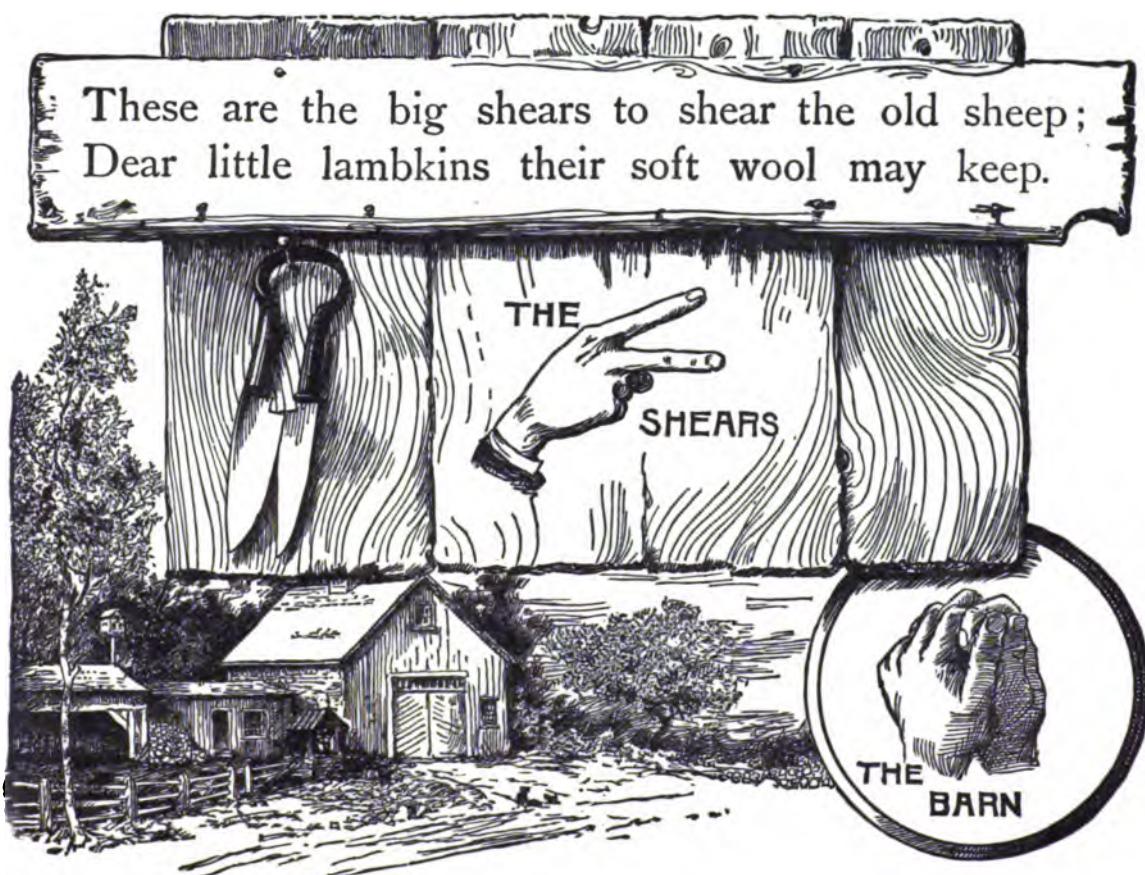
These are the measures the good farmer brings
Salt in, or cornmeal, and other good things.



This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!



This is the rack where in winter they feed;
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.



Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

THE LAMBS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. This is the mead-ow where all the long day Ten lit - tle frolicsome lambs are at play.



These are the measures the good farmer brings Salt in, or corn meal, and oth-er good things.



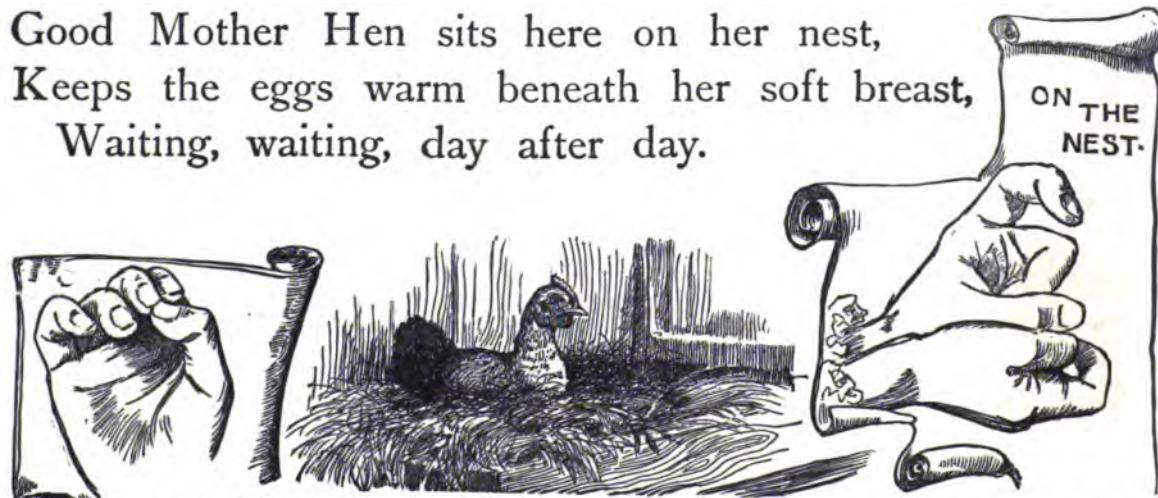
2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough ;
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off !
This is the rack where in winter they feed ;
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.

3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep ;
Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep.
Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

III. THE HEN AND CHICKENS.



Good Mother Hen sits here on her nest,
Keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast,
Waiting, waiting, day after day.

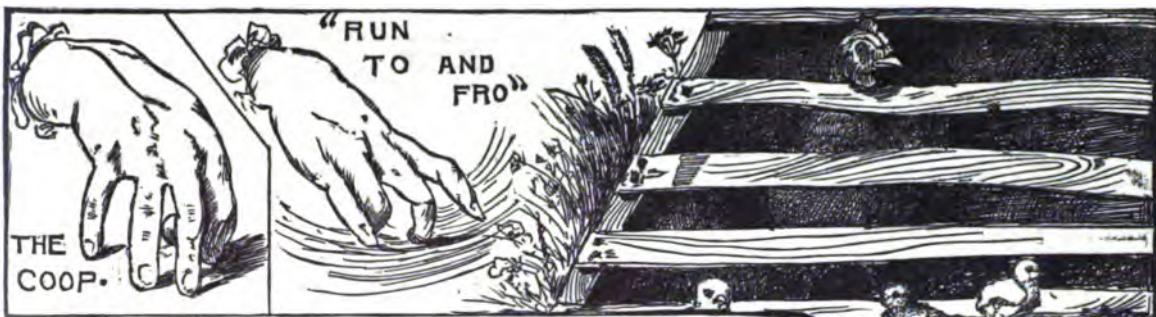


BREAKING THE SHELL Hark! there's a sound she knows very well:
Some little chickens are breaking the shell,
Pecking, pecking, pecking away.

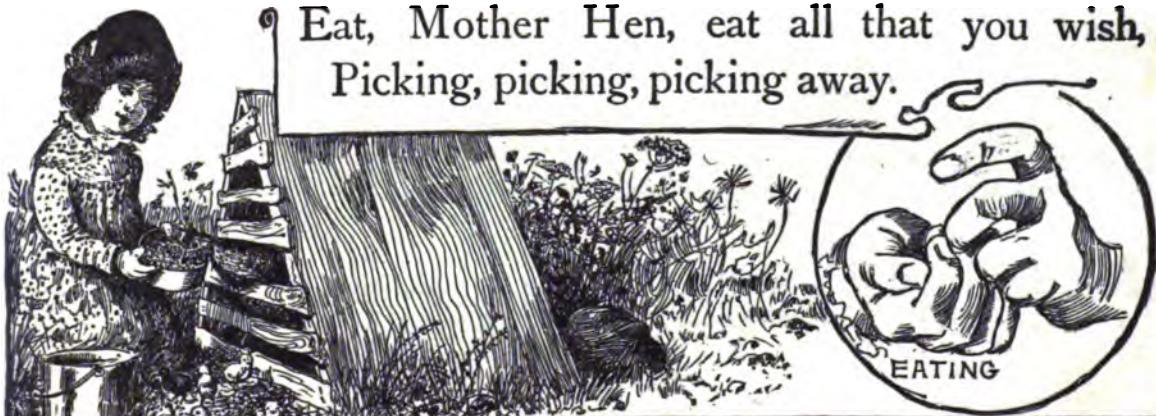


Now they're all out, Oh, see what a crowd!
Good Mother Hen is happy and proud,
Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, clucking away.

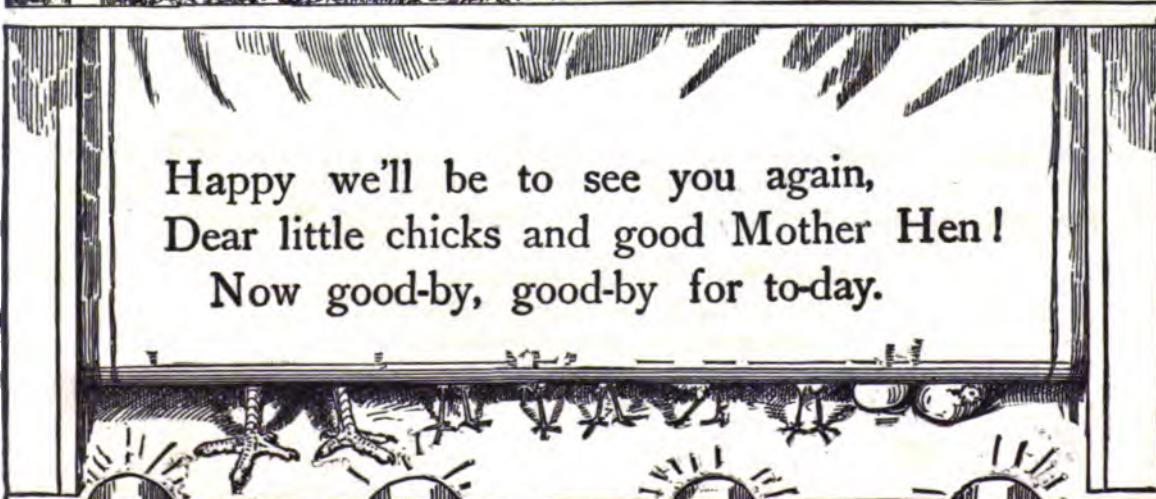




Into the coop the mother must go;
But all the chickens run to and fro,
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.



Here is some corn in my little dish;
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,
Picking, picking, picking away.



Happy we'll be to see you again,
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen!
Now good-by, good-by for to-day.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Emile Poulsen.

Cornelia G. Rosse.

1. Good Moth - er Hen sits here on her nest,
 2. Hark ! there's a sound she knows ver - y well:
 3. Now they're all out, oh, see what a crowd!

Keeps the eggs warm be-neath her soft breast, Wait-ing, wait-ing, day af-ter day.
 Some lit - tie chick - ens breaking the shell, Peck - ing, peck-ing, peck - ing a - way.
 Good Moth-er Hen is hap - py and proud, Cluck-cluck,cluck-cluck,cluck-ing a - way.

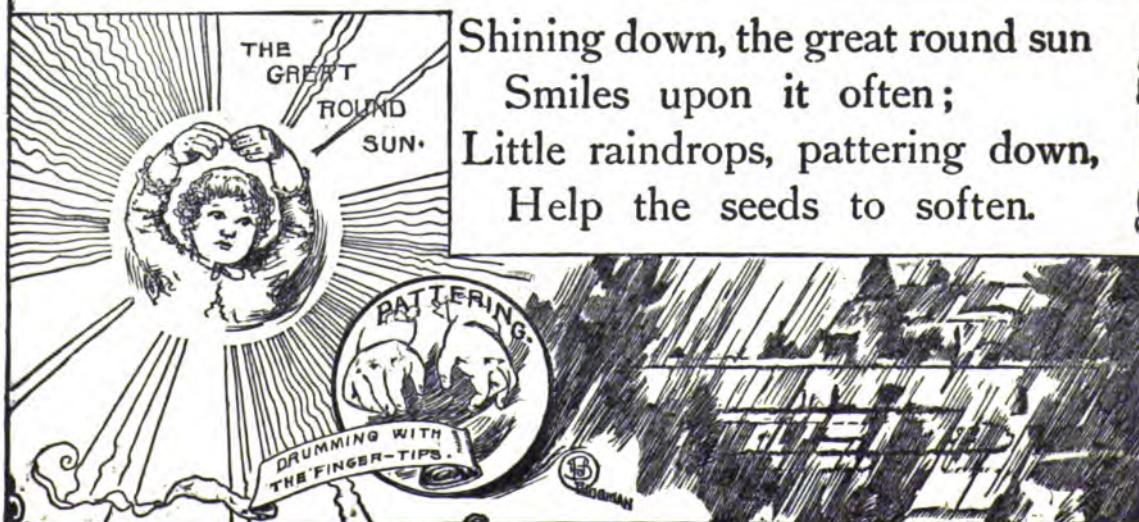
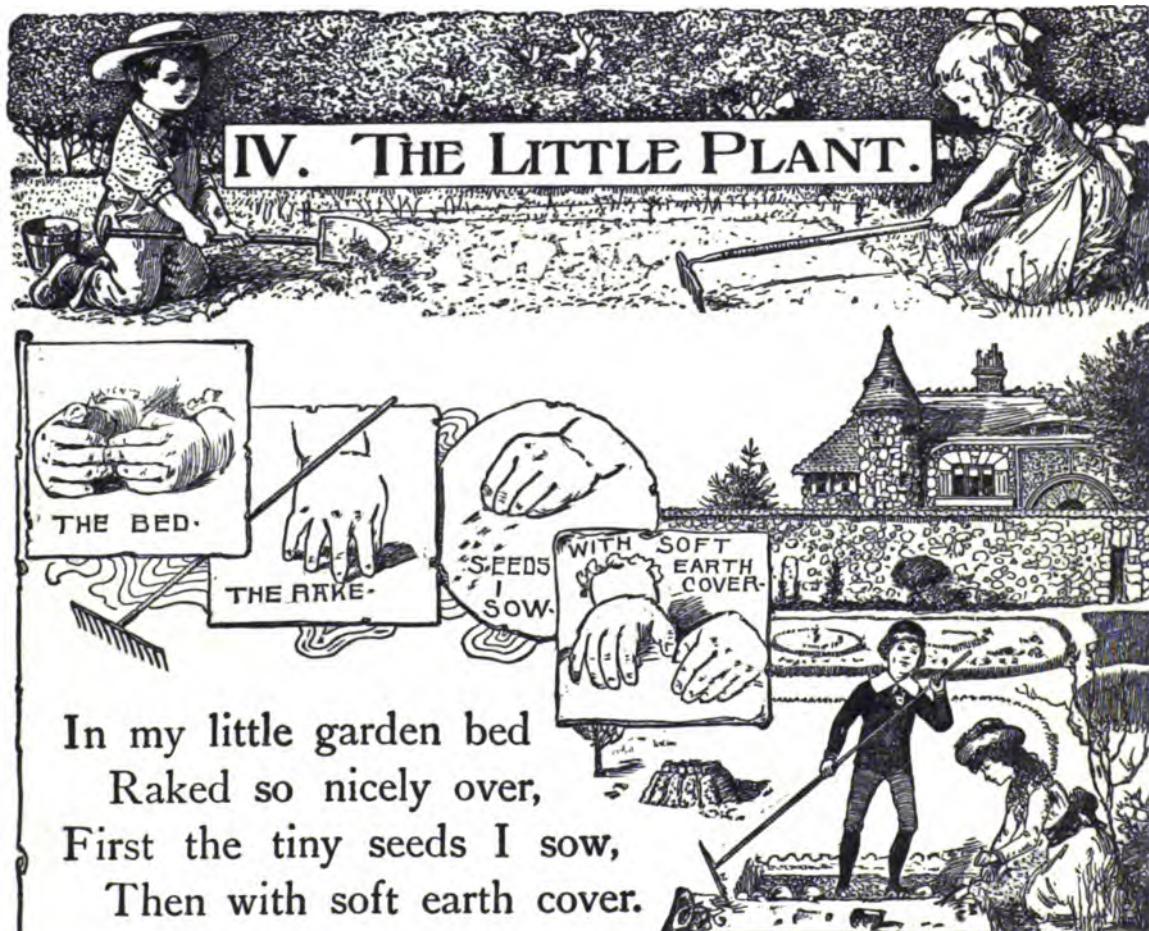
4 Into the coop the mother must go;
 While all the chickens run to and fro,
 Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.

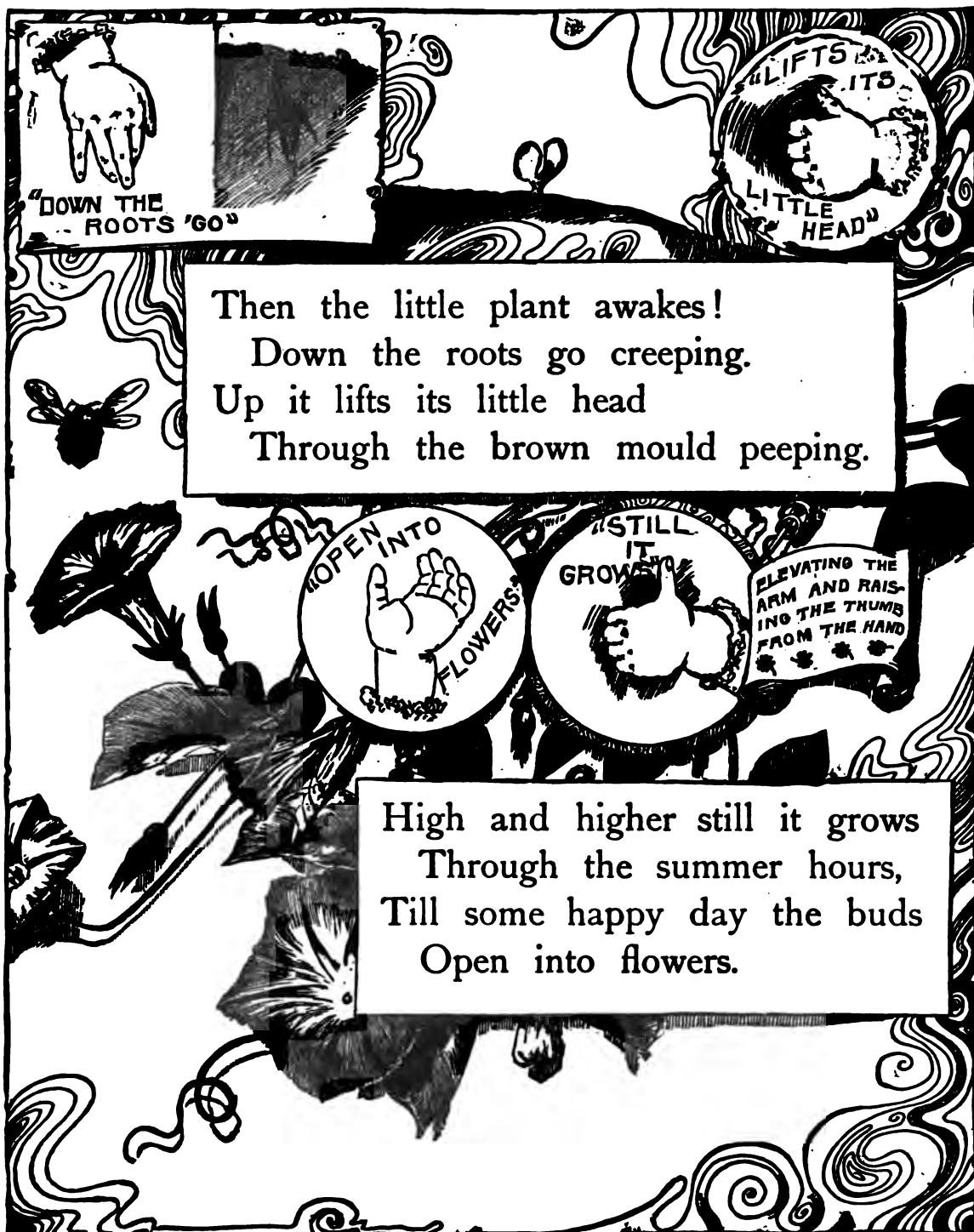
5 Here is some corn in my little dish;
 Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish.
 Picking, picking, picking away.

6 Happy we'll be to see you again,
 Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen !
 Now good-bye, good-bye for to-day.



IV. THE LITTLE PLANT.





THE LITTLE PLANT.

Hannah Postlethwait.

C. C. Remond.

1. In my lit - tie garden bed Rak'd so nice - ly o - ver,
 2. Then the lit - tie plant awakes! Down the roots go creeping.

First the ti - ny seeds I sow, Then with soft earth cover. Shining down, the great round sun Smiles upon it often; Up it lifts its little head Thro' the brown mould peeping. High and higher still it grows Thro' the summer hours,

Little raindrops, patt'ring down, Help the seeds to soft-en.
 Till some hap - py day the buds O - pen in - to flower-a.





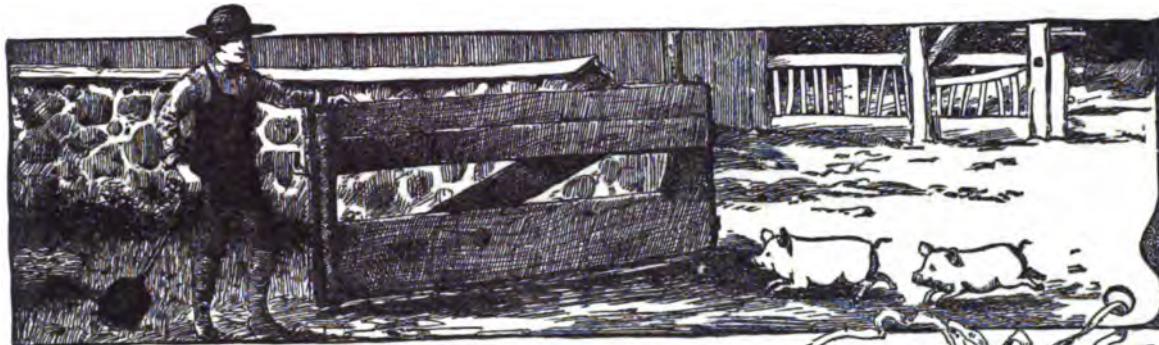
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
 Hungry pigs as pigs could be,
 For their dinner had to wait
 Down behind the barnyard gate.

Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
 Climbed the barnyard gate to see,
 Peeping through the gate so high,
 But no dinner could they spy.





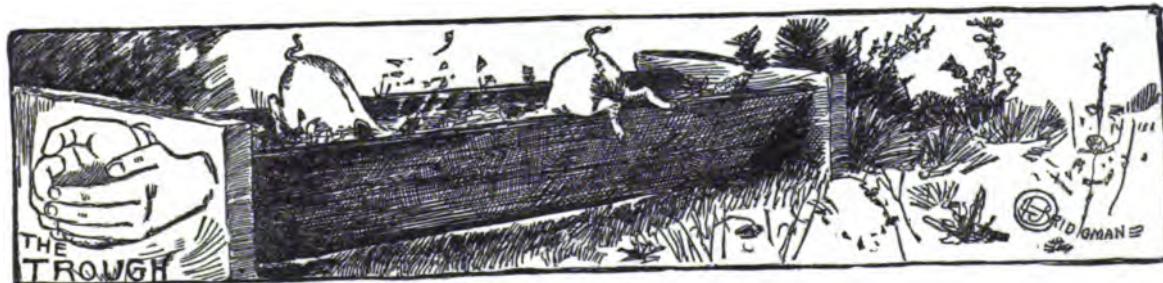
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
Got down sad as pigs could be;
But the gate soon opened wide
And they scampered forth outside.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
What was their delight to see
Dinner ready not far off—
Such a full and tempting trough!



SCAMPERED FORTH



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,
For their dinner ran pell-mell;
In the trough both piggies fell.

THE PIGS.

EMILIE POULSON.

CORNELIA C. ROMAINE.

2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
 Climbed the barn-yard gate to see,
 Peeping through the gate so high,
 But no dinner could they spy.

3 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee
 Got down sad as pigs could be;
 But the gate soon opened wide
 And they scampered forth outside.

4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
 What was their delight to see
 Dinner ready not far off —
 Such a full and tempting trough!

5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,
 Greedy pigs as pigs could be,
 For their dinner ran pell-mell;
 In the trough both piggies fell.



VI. A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.



VI. A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.



A little boy went walking
One lovely summer's day:
He saw a little rabbit
That quickly ran away;



He saw a shining river
Go winding in and out,
And little fishes in it
Were swimming all about;

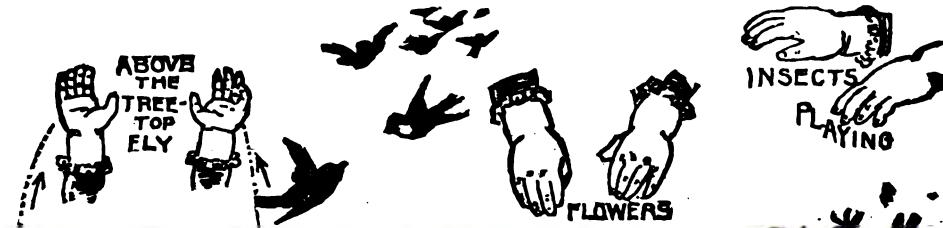
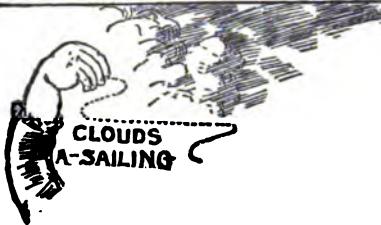


And, slowly, slowly turning,
The great wheel of the mill;
And then the tall church steeple,
The little church so still;

The bridge above the water;
 And when he stopped to rest,
 He saw among the bushes
 A wee ground-sparrow's nest.



And as he watched the birdies
 Above the tree-tops fly,
 He saw the clouds a-sailing
 Across the sunny sky.



He saw the insects playing;
 The flowers that summer brings;
 He said, "I'll go tell mamma!
 I've seen *so many* things!"



A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

EMILIE POULSEN.

CONCELLA G. ROSENZ.

A lit - tie boy went walk - ing One
 And slow - ly, slow - ly turn - ing, The
 And as he watched the bird - ies A -

lovely summer's day: He saw a lit - tie rab - bit That quickly ran a - way; He saw a shin - ing
 great wheel of the mill; And then the tall church steeple, The little church so still; The bridge above the
 bove the tree - tops fly, He saw the clouds a - sail - ing A - cross the sun - ny sky. He saw the in - sects

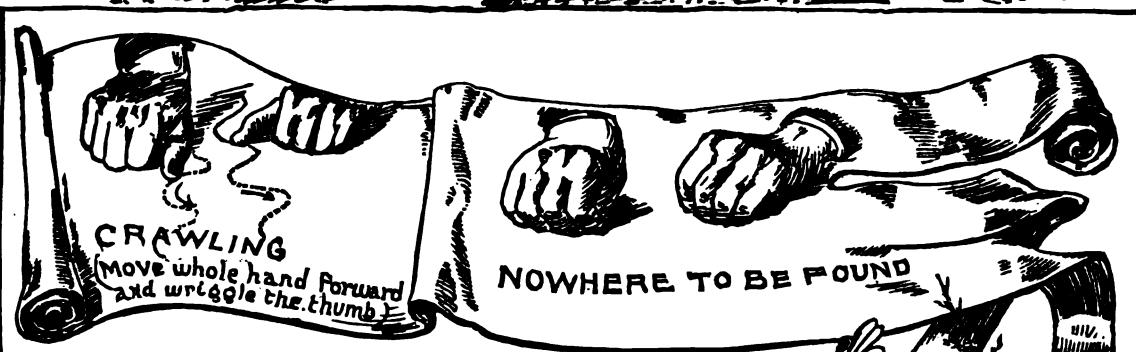
riv - er Go wind - ing in and out, And lit - tie fish - es in it Were swimming all a - bout.
 wa - ter; And when he stopped to rest, He saw among the bush - es A wee ground-sparrow's nest.
 play - ing; The flowers that summer brings; He said, "I'll go tell Mamma! I've seen so man - y things."

VII. THE CATERPILLAR.

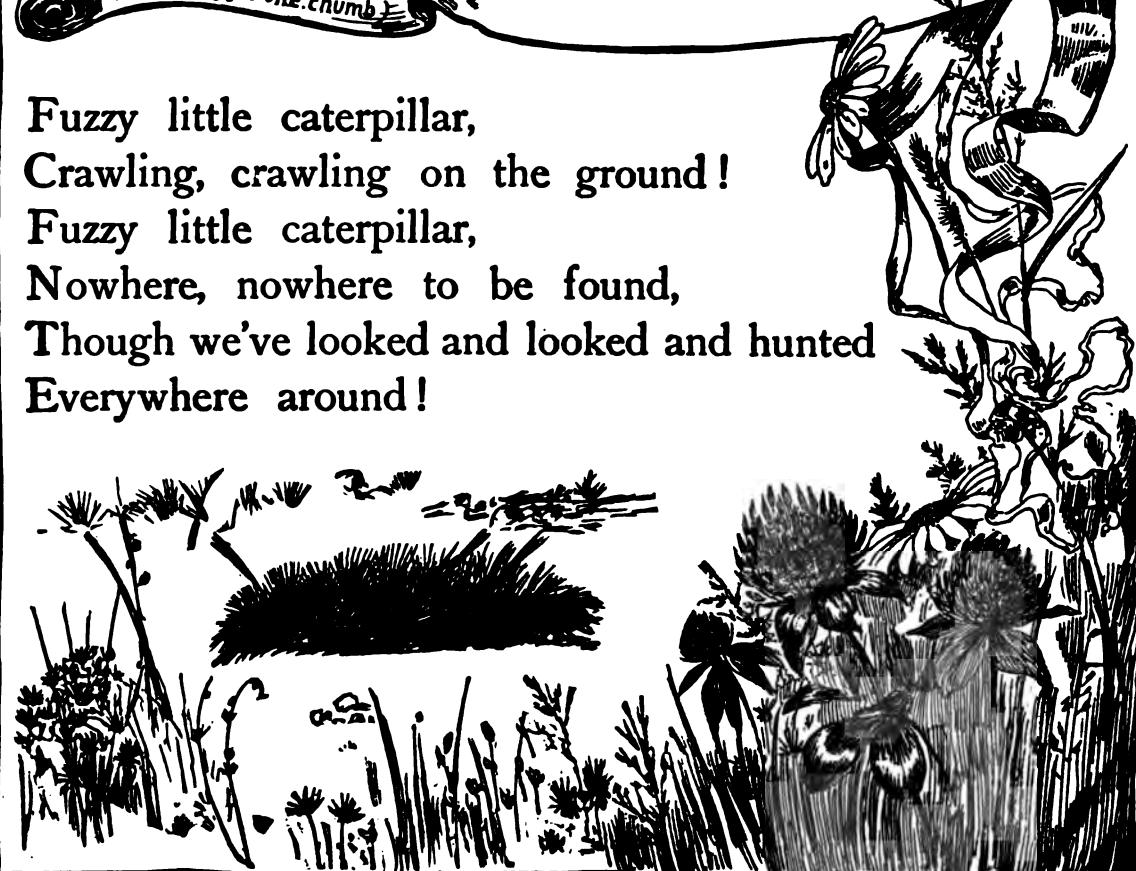




VII. THE CATERPILLAR.



Fuzzy little caterpillar,
Crawling, crawling on the ground !
Fuzzy little caterpillar,
Nowhere, nowhere to be found,
Though we've looked and looked and hunted
Everywhere around !



ROLLED
HIMSELF
AWAY
(Rotate
the thumb,
then double
into the
hand.)

When the little caterpillar
Found his furry coat too tight,
Then a snug cocoon he made him
Spun of silk so soft and light;
Rolled himself away within it—
Slept there day and night.

STIRRING

A HEAD WE SPY

* See how this cocoon is stirring!
Now a little head we spy—
What! Is *this* our caterpillar
Spreading gorgeous wings to dry?
Soon the free and happy creature
Flutters gayly by.

SPREADING
GORGEOUS
WINGS

FLUTTERS
(Move palms to and fro)



Bridgeman

THE CATERPILLAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROSENKR.

1. Fuz - zy lit - tie cat - er - pil - lar, Crawling, crawling
 2. When the lit - tie cat - er - pil - lar Found his fur - ry
 3. See how this co - coon is stir - ring! Now a lit - tie

on the ground! Fuz - zy lit - tie cat - er - pil - lar, Nowhere, nowhere to be found, Tho' we've looked and
 coat too tight, Then a snug co-coon he made him Spun of silk so soft and light; Rolled himself a -
 head we spy — What! is this our cat - er - pil - lar Spreading gorgeous wings to dry? Soon the free and

looked and hunted Ev - erywhere a - round!
 way with-in it—Slept there day and night,
 hap - py crea-ture Flut - ters gai - ly by.



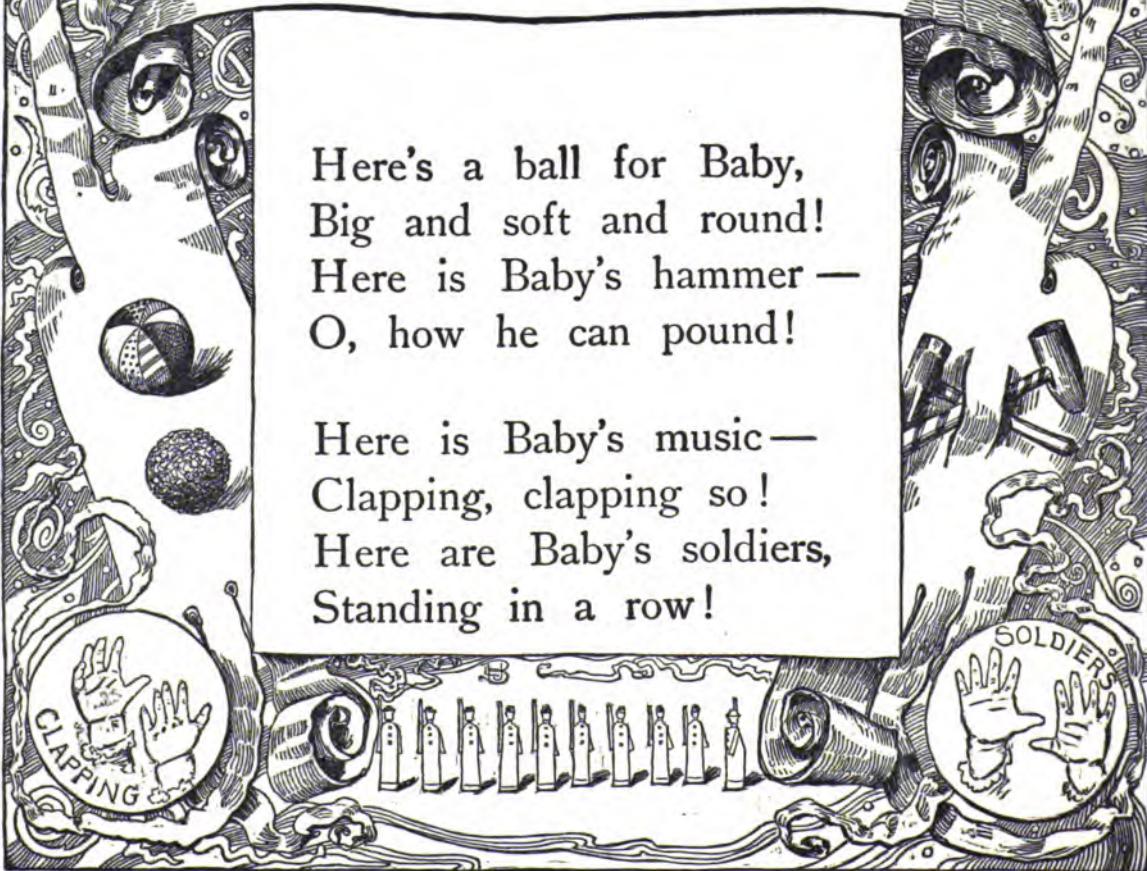


VIII. ALL FOR BABY.



Here's a ball for Baby,
Big and soft and round!
Here is Baby's hammer —
O, how he can pound!

Here is Baby's music —
Clapping, clapping so!
Here are Baby's soldiers,
Standing in a row!





ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —

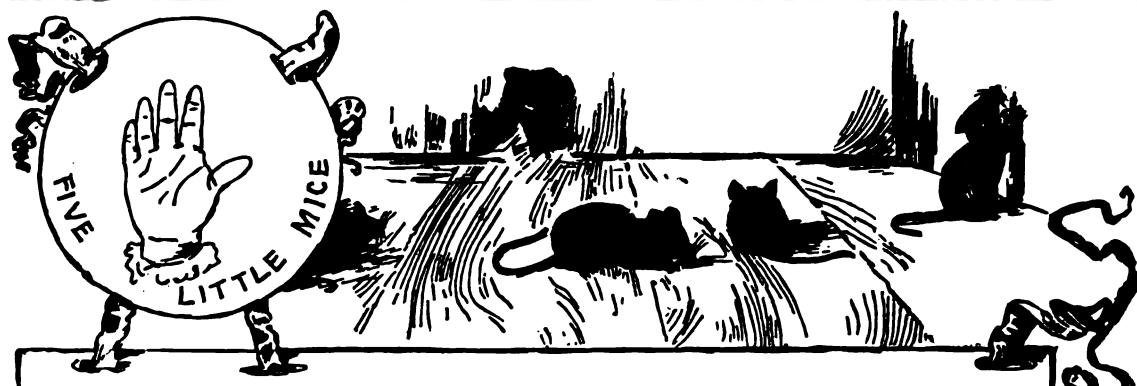
O, how he can pound!

2 Here is Baby's music
 Clapping, clapping so!
 Here are Baby's soldiers,
 Standing in a row!

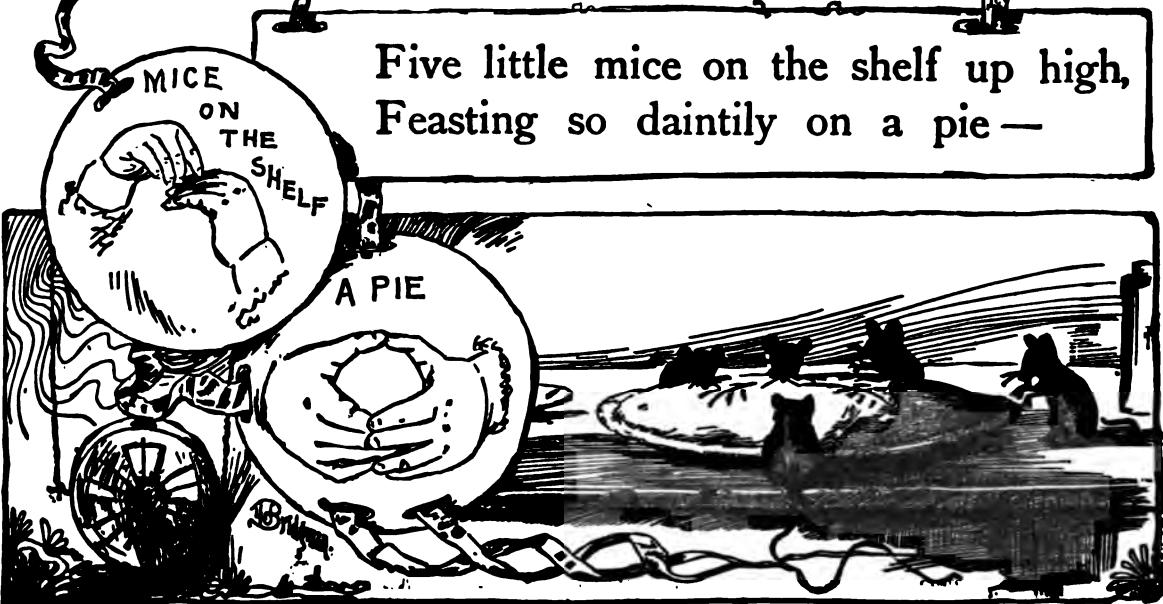
3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,
 Toot-too-toot! too-too!
 Here's the way that Baby
 Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

4 Here's a big umbrella —
 Keeps the Baby dry!
 Here's the Baby's cradle —
 Rock-a-baby by!

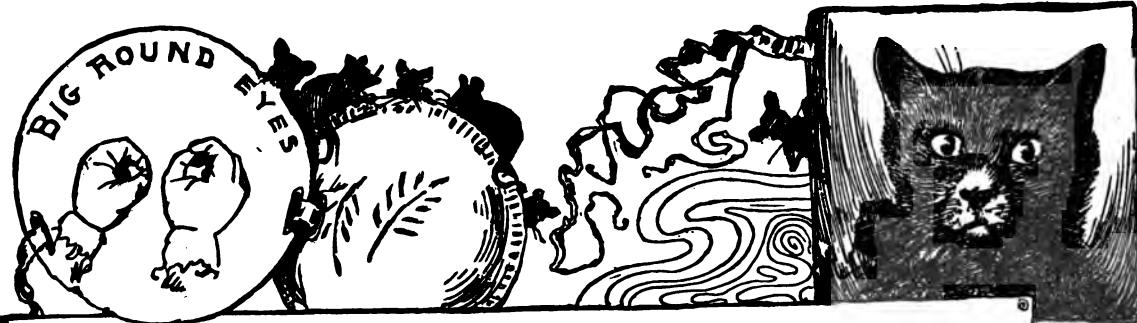




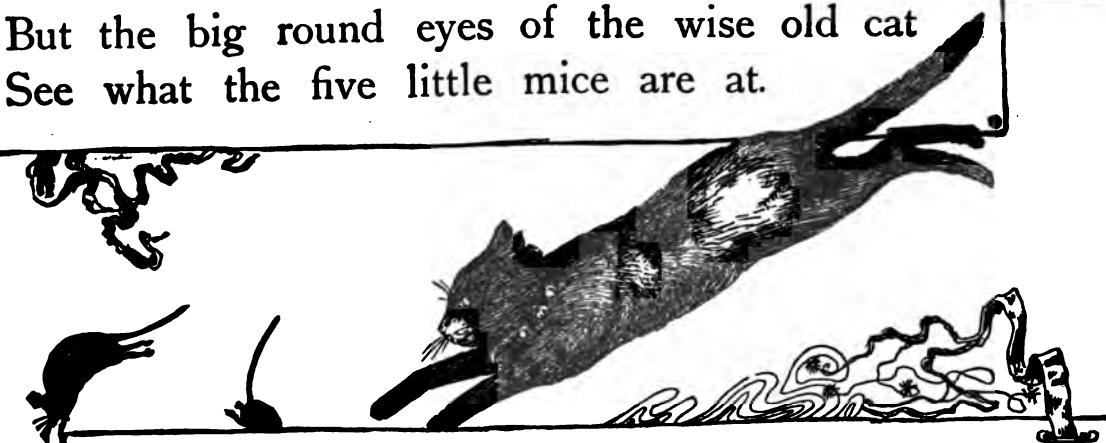
Five little mice on the pantry floor,
Seeking for bread-crumbs or something more;



Five little mice on the shelf up high,
Feasting so daintily on a pie —

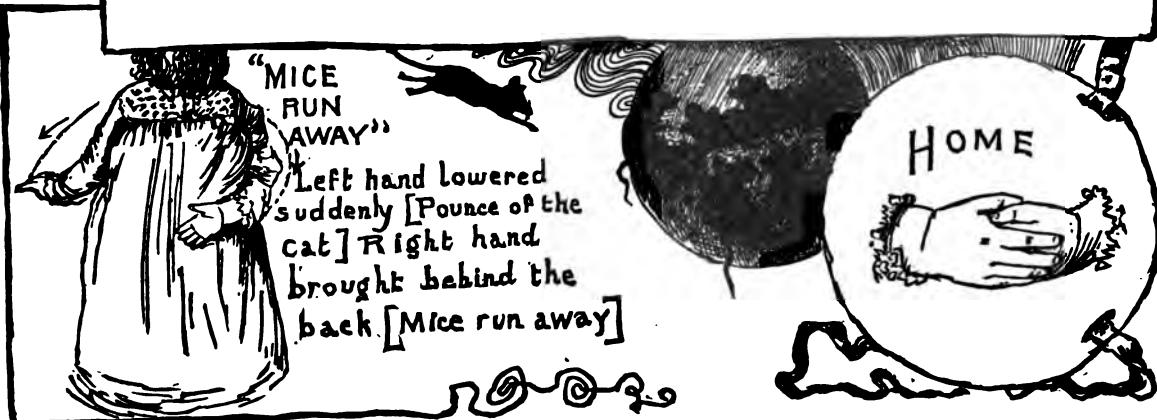


But the big round eyes of the wise old cat
See what the five little mice are at.



Quickly she jumps!—but the mice run away,
And hide in their snug little holes all day.

“Feasting in pantries may be very nice;
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.



FIVE LITTLE MICE.

S.

1. { Five lit - tle mice on the pan - try floor,
big round eyes of the wise old cat

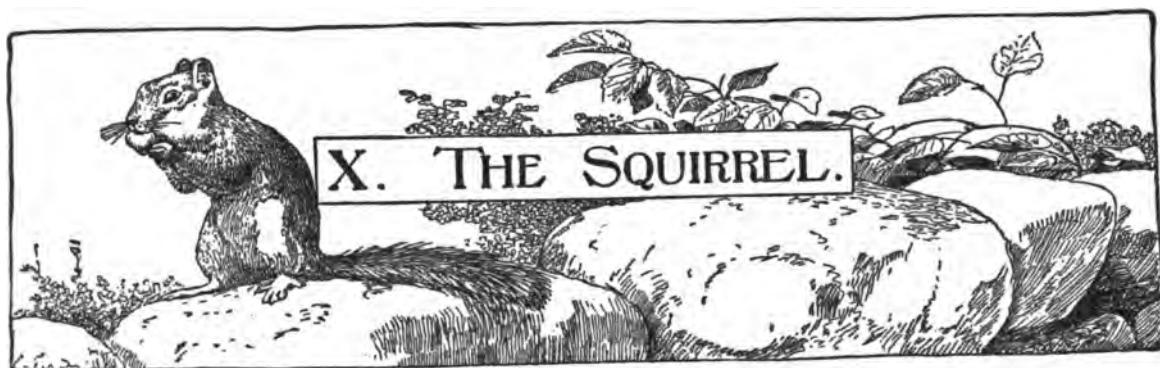
Seeking for bread crumb's or something more ; Five little mice on the shelf up high,
See what the five lit - tle mice are at. Quick-ly she jumps ! but the mice run a - way, And

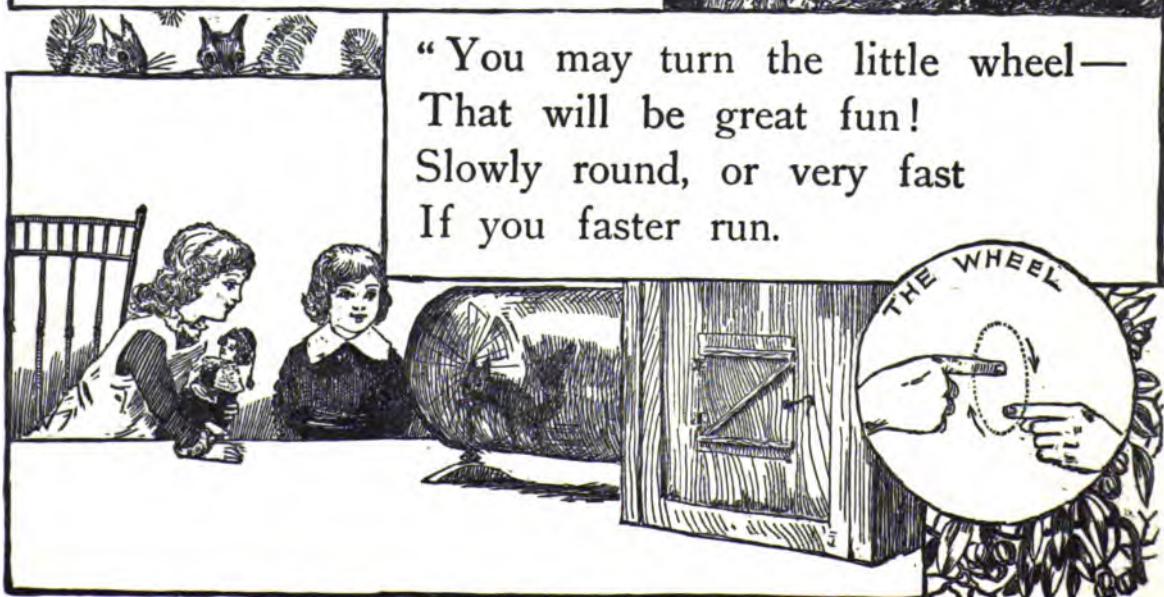
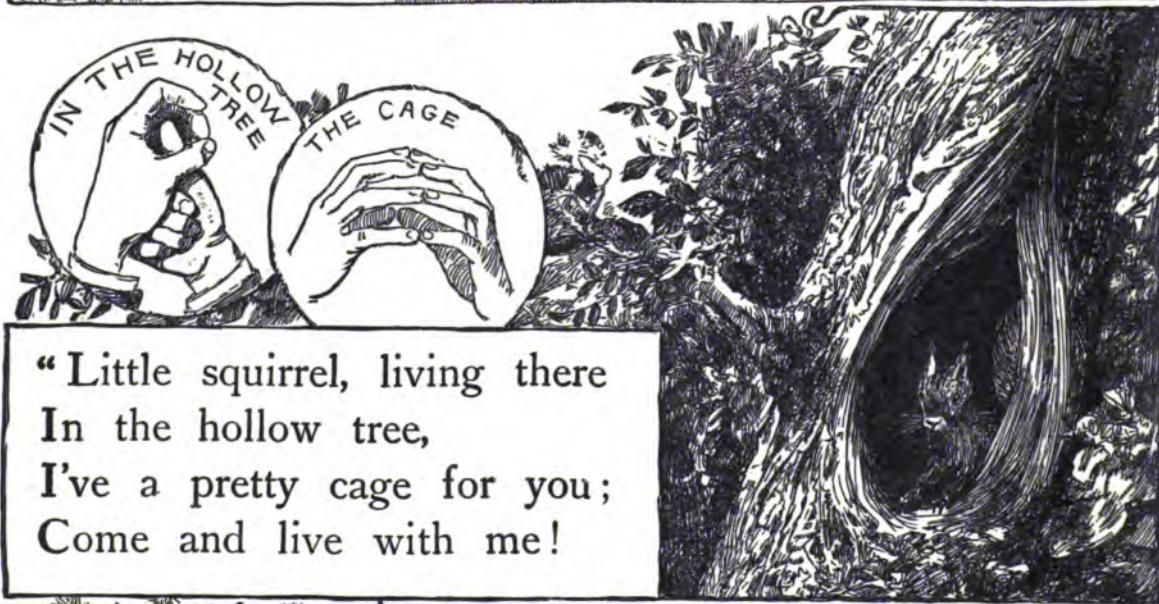
I D.S. S.

Feast - ing so dain - ti - ly on a pie -
hide in their snug lit - tle holes all day. But the

2

“Feasting in pan - tries may be ver - y nice ; But home is the best ! ” say the five lit - tle mice.





"Little squirrel, I will bring
In my basket here
Every day a feast of nuts!
Come, then, squirrel dear."

But the little squirrel said
From his hollow tree:
"Oh! no, no! I'd rather far
Live here and be free!"



So my cage is empty yet,
And the wheel is still;
But my little basket here
Oft with nuts I fill.

If you like, I'll crack the nuts,
Some for you and me,
For the squirrel has enough
In his hollow tree.

THE SQUIRREL.

EMILIE POULESON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. "Lit - tie Squirrel, liv - ing there In the hollow
 2. "Lit - tie Squirrel, I will bring In my bas - ket
 3. So my cage is emp - ty yet And the wheel is



tree, I've a pret - ty cage for you; Come and live with me! You may turn the
 here Ev - ery day a feast of nuts! Come then, squir - rel dear." But the lit - tie
 still; But my lit - tie bas - ket here Oft with nuts I fill. If you like, I'll



lit - tie wheel—That will be great fun! Slowly round, or ver - y fast If you fast - er run."
 squir - rel said From his hol - low tree: "Oh! no, no! I'd rath - er far Live here and be free."
 crack the nuts, Some for you and me, For the squir - rel has enough In his hol - low tree.



XI. THE SPARROWS.



XI. THE SPARROWS.



“Little brown sparrows,
Flying around,
Up in the tree-tops,
Down on the ground,



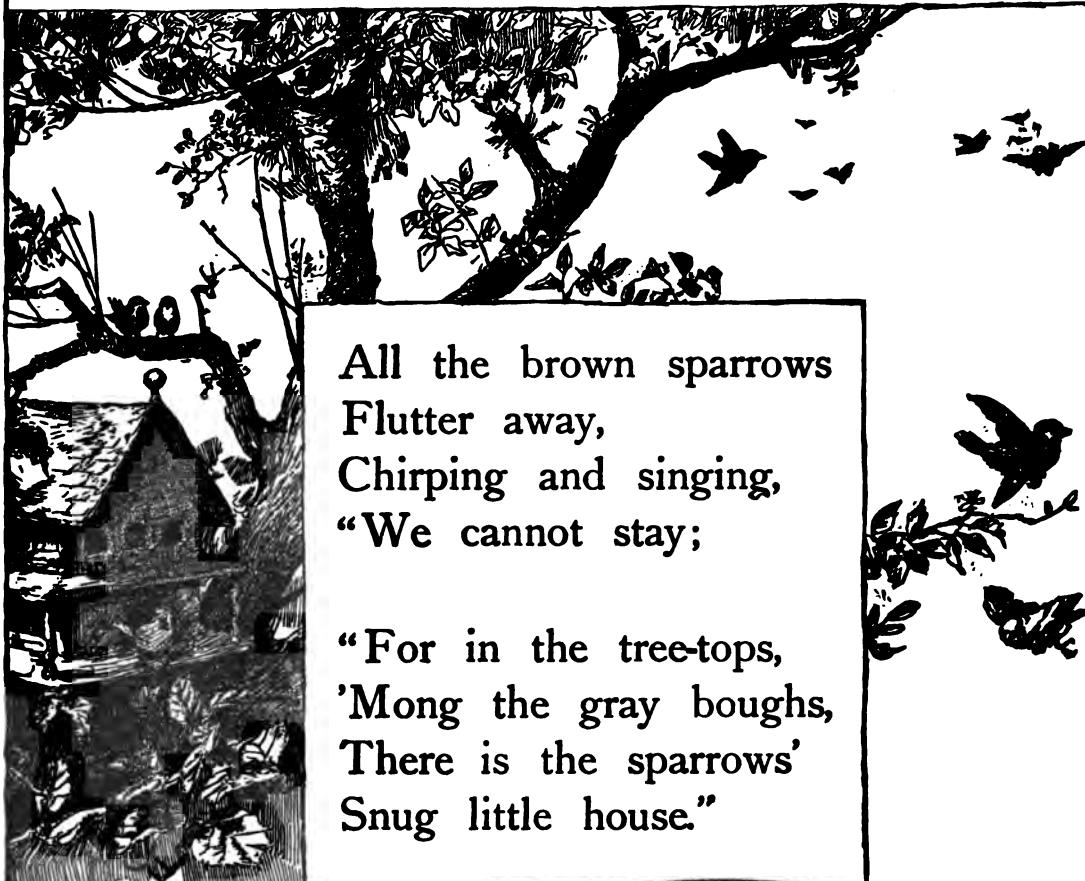
“Come to my window,
Dear sparrows, come!
See! I will give you
Many a crumb.



“Here is some water,
Sparkling and clear;
Come, little sparrows,
Drink without fear.



“If you are tired,
Here is a nest;
Wouldn’t you like to
Come here to rest?”



All the brown sparrows
Flutter away,
Chirping and singing,
“We cannot stay;

“For in the tree-tops,
’Mong the gray boughs,
There is the sparrows’
Snug little house.”



THE SPARROWS.

EMILIE POULSON.

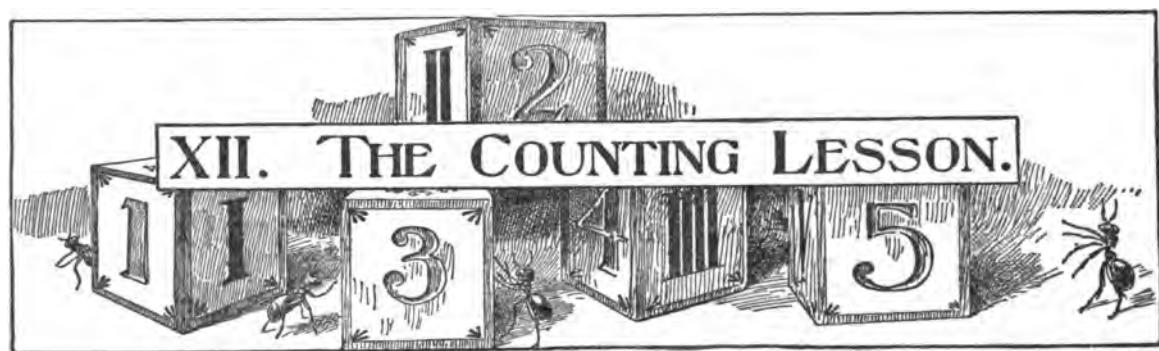
C. C. ROESKE.

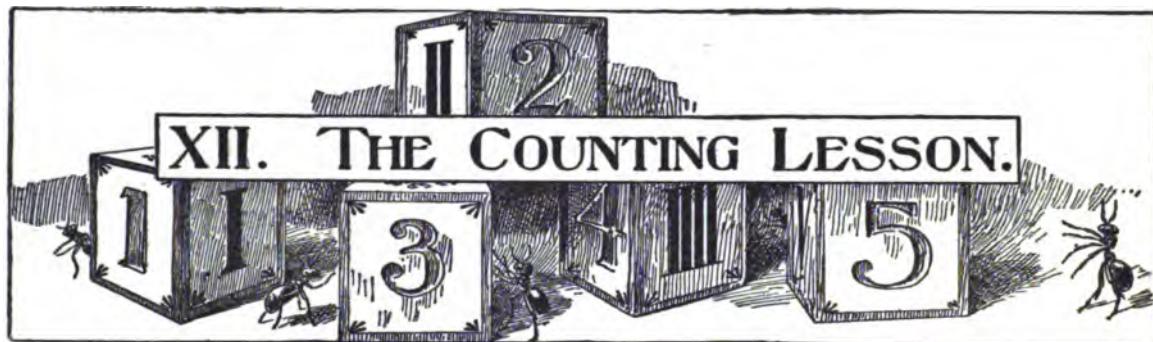
1. "Lit - tle brown spar - rows, Fly - ing a - round,
 2. "Here is some wa - ter, Spark-ling and clear;
 3. All the brown spar - rows Flut - ter a - way,

Up in the tree - tops,
 Come, lit - tle spar - rows,
 Chirp-ing and sing - ing,

Down on the ground, Come to my window, Dear spar - rows, come!
 Drink with-out fear. If you are tired, Here is a nest;
 "We can - not stay; For in the tree - tops, Mong the gray boughs,

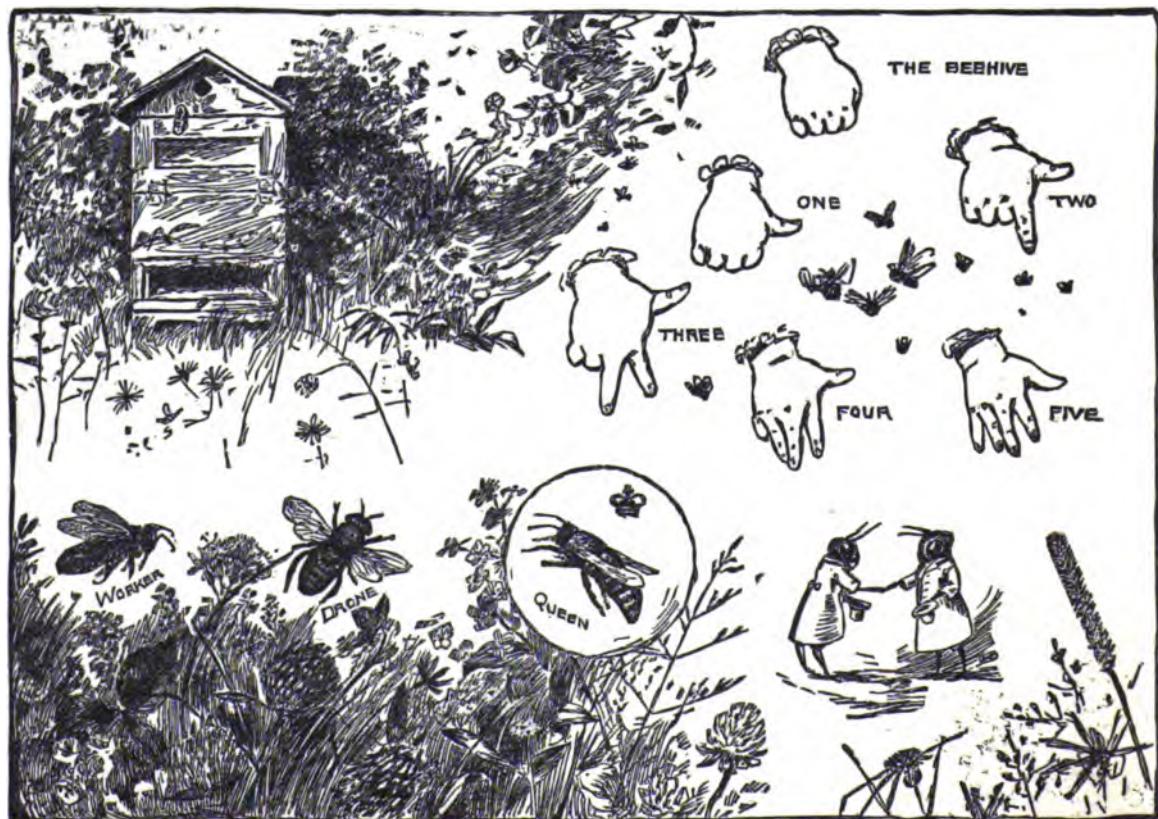
See! I will give you Man-y a crumb."
 Wouldn't you like to Come here and rest?"
 There is the spar - rows' Snug lit-tle house."





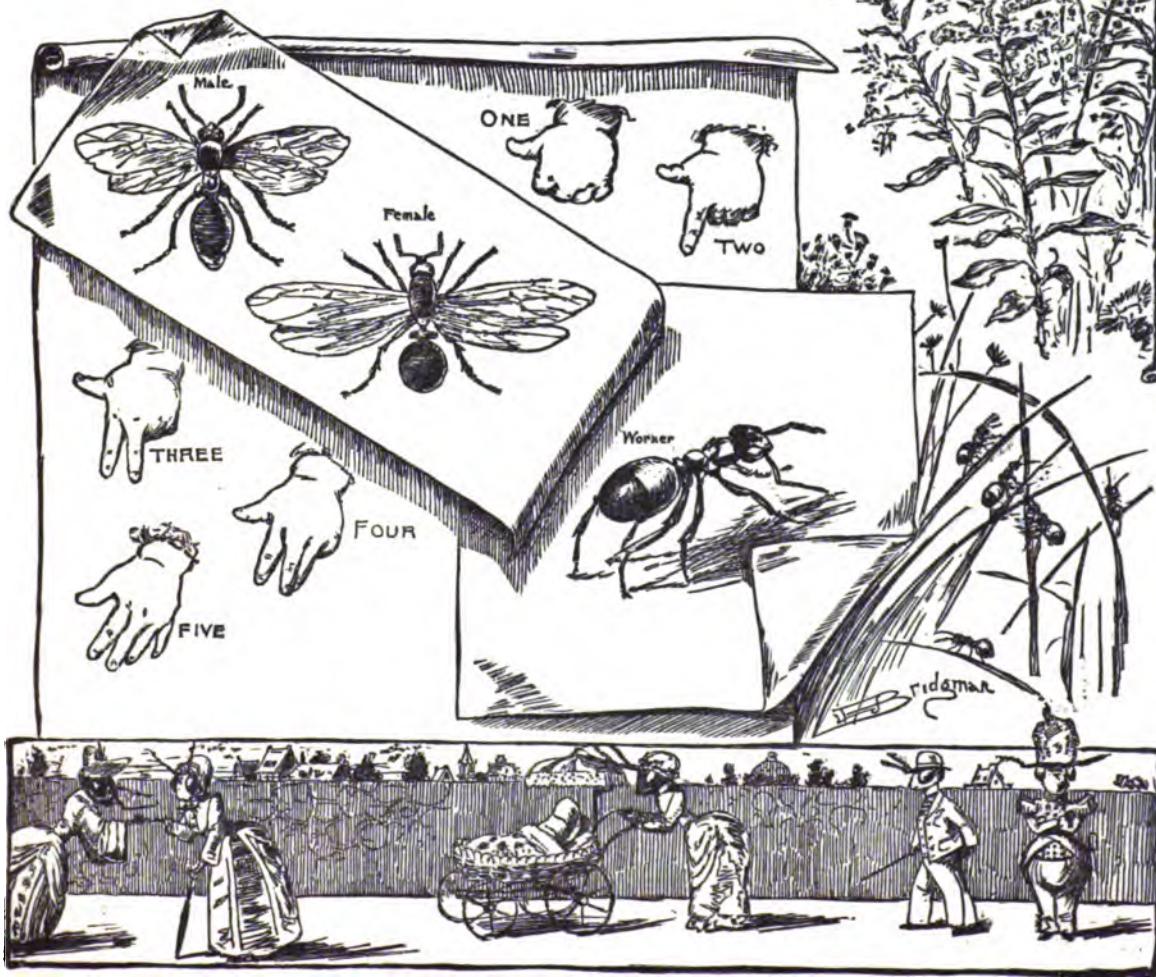
(Right hand.)

Here is the beehive. Where are the bees?
 Hidden away where nobody sees.
 Soon they come creeping out of the hive—
 One! — two! — three! four! five!



(Left hand.)

Once I saw an ant-hill
 With no ants about;
 So I said, "Dear little ants,
 Won't you please come out?"
 Then as if the little ants
 Had heard my call —
 One! two! three! four! *five* came out!
 And that was all!



THE COUNTING LESSON.

EMILIE POULSSON.
1ST VERSE.

C. C. ROSENKR.

1. Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hid-den a - way where no-bod-y sees.

Soon they come creep-ing out of the hive— One!— two!— three! four! five!

2ND VERSE.

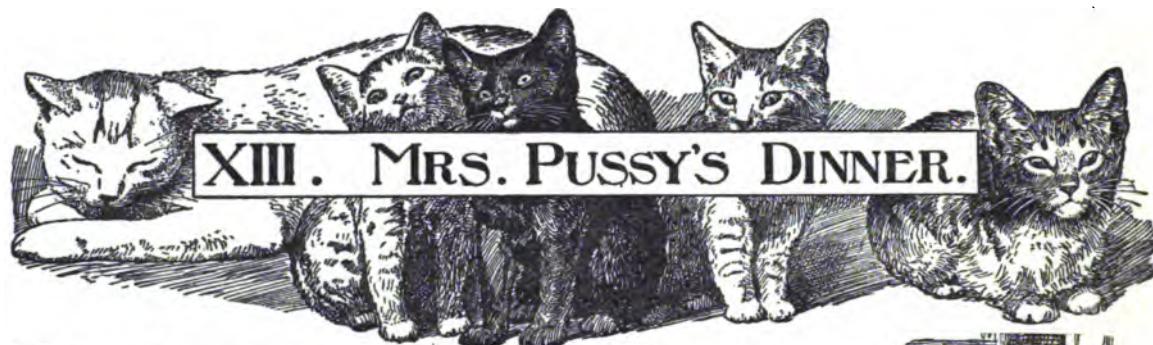
2. Once I saw an ant . hill With no ants a - bout; So I said,

“Dear lit-tle ants, Won’t you please come out?” Then as if the lit - tle ants Had

heard my call — One! two! three! four! five came out! And that was all!



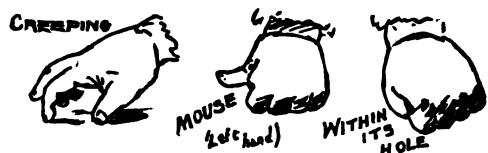
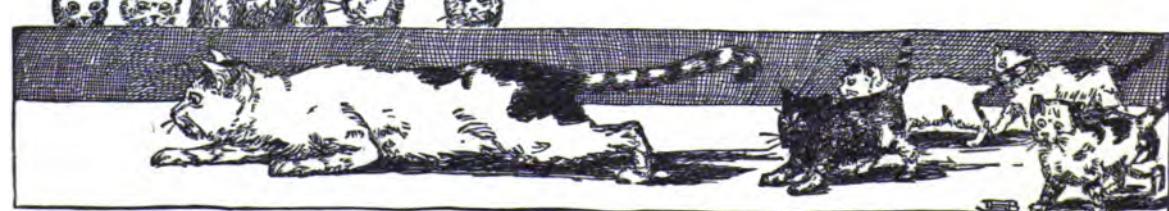
XIII. MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.



Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,
 With her kittens four,
 Went to sleep upon the mat
 By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Pussy heard a noise—
 Up she jumped in glee:
 “Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!
 Let us go and see!”



Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
 Silently they stole;
 But the little mouse had gone
 Back within its hole.

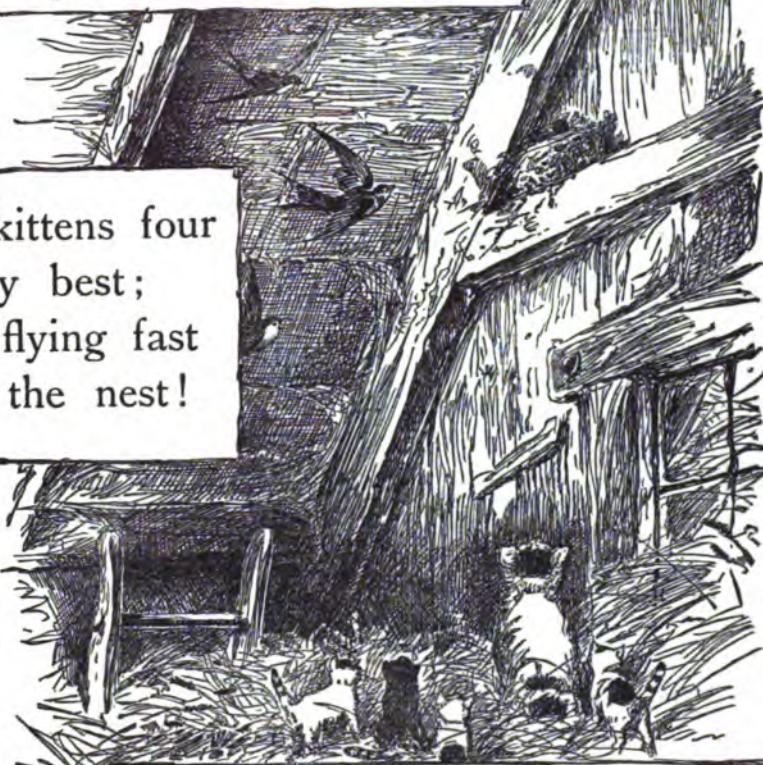




"Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,
 "To the barn we'll go;
 We shall find the swallow there
 Flying to and fro."



So the cat and kittens four
 Tried their very best;
 But the swallows flying fast
 Safely reached the nest!



Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
 And her kittens four;
 Found their dinner on a plate
 By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Puss said, "Meow! To chase
 Birds and mice is fun;
 But I'm glad that dinner-plates
 Cannot fly or run!"

MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

Emilia Pousson.

C. C. Rossen.



1. Mrs. Pus-sy, sleek and fat, With her kittens four,



Went to sleep up - on the mat By the kitchen door.



2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —
Up she jumped in glee:
“Kittens, maybe that's a mouse!
Let us go and see!”

5 So the cat and kittens four
Tried their very best;
But the swallows flying fast
Safely reached the nest!

3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole;
But the little mouse had gone
Back within its hole.

6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
And her kittens four;
Found their dinner on a plate
By the kitchen door.

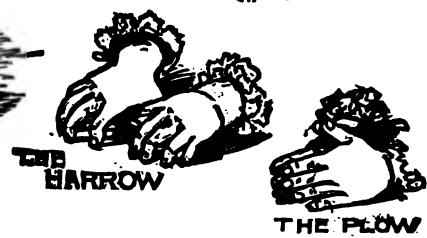
4 “Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,
“To the barn we'll go;
We shall find the swallows there
Flying to and fro.”

7 Mrs. Puss said, “Meow! To chase
Birds and mice is fun;
But I'm glad that dinner-plates
Cannot fly or run!”



XIV. HOW THE CORN GREW.

There was a field that waiting lay,
All hard and brown and bare;
There was a thrifty farmer came
And fenced it in with care.



Then came a plowman with his plow;
From early until late,
Across the field and back again,
He plowed the furrows straight.

The harrow then was brought to make
The ground more soft and loose;
And soon the farmer said with joy,
"My field is fit for use."



For many days the farmer then
Was working with his hoe;
And little Johnny brought the corn
And dropped the kernels—so!

And there they lay, until awaked
By tapping rains that fell,
Then pushed their green plumes up
to greet
The sun they loved so well.



Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows
Came down the corn to taste;
But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun
And off they flew in haste.



Then grew and grew the corn, until,
When autumn days had come,
With sickles keen they cut it down,
And sang the "Harvest Home."

HOW THE CORN GREW.

EMILIE POULSON.

CORNELIA C. BORSKE.

1. There was a field that wait-ing lay, All hard and brown and bare; There
 was a thrif-ty farm-er came And fenced it in with care, There
 was a thrif-ty farm-er came And fenced it in with care.

2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;
 From early until late,
 Across the field and back again,
 He ploughed the furrows straight.

3 The harrow then was brought to make
 The ground more soft and loose;
 And soon the farmer said with joy,
 "My field is fit for use."

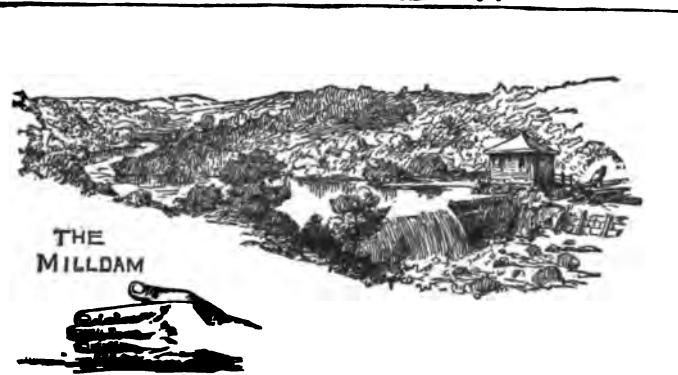
4 For many days the farmer then
 Was working with his hoe;
 And little Johnny brought the corn
 And dropped the kernels — so!

5 And there they lay, until awaked
 By tapping rains that fell,
 Then pushed their green plumes up to greet
 The sun they loved so well.

6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows
 Came down the corn to taste;
 But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,
 And off they flew in haste.

7 Then grew and grew the corn, until,
 When autumn days had come,
 With sickles keen they cut it down,
 And sang the "Harvest Home."





A merry little river
Went singing day by day,
Until it reached a mill-dam
That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,
A quiet pond, to wait
Until the busy miller
Should lift the water-gate.

Then, hurrying through the gateway,
The dashing waters found
A mighty millwheel waiting,
And turned it swiftly round.



But faster turned the millstones
Up in the dusty mill,
And quickly did the miller
With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster
The heavy stones went round,
Until the golden kernels
To golden meal were ground.

“Now fill the empty hopper
With *wheat*,” the miller said;
“We’ll grind this into flour
To make the children’s bread.”



And still, as flowed the water,
The mighty wheel went round;
And still, as turned the millstones,
The corn and grain were ground.

And busy was the miller
The livelong day, until
The water-gate he fastened,
And silent grew the mill.



THE MILL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROMSKE.

1. A mer - ry lit - tle riv - er Went sing-ing day by day, Un - til it reached a
 mill - dam That stretched a-cross its way. And there it spread its wa - ters, A
 qui - et pond, to wait Un - til the bu - sy mil - ler Should lift the wa - ter gate.

2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,
 The dashing waters found
 A mighty millwheel waiting—
 And turned it swiftly round.
 But faster turned the millstone
 Up in the dusty mill,
 And quickly did the miller
 With corn the hopper fill.
 3 And faster yet and faster
 The heavy stones went round,
 Until the golden kernels
 To golden meal were ground.

“Now, fill the empty hopper
 With *wheat*,” the miller said;
 “We’ll grind this into flour
 To make the children’s bread.”
 4 And still, as flowed the water,
 The mighty wheel went round;
 And still, as turned the millstones,
 The corn and grain were ground.
 And busy was the miller
 The livelong day, until
 The water gate he fastened,
 And silent grew the mill.

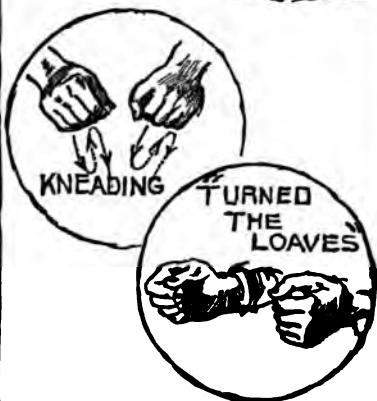


XVI. MAKING BREAD.



“The farmer and the miller
Have worked,” the mother said,
“And got the flour ready,
So I will make the bread.”
She scooped from out the barrel
The flour white as snow,
And in her sieve she put it
And shook it to and fro.

Then in the pan of flour
A little salt she threw;
A cup of yeast she added,
And poured in water, too.
To mix them all together
She stirred with busy might,
Then covered it and left it
Until the bread was light.



More flour then she sifted
And kneaded well the dough,
And in the waiting oven
The loaves of bread did go.
The mother watched the baking,
And turned the loaves, each one,
Until at last, rejoicing,
She said, "My bread is done!"

MAKING BREAD.

EMILIE POULESSON.

C. C. ROMME.

1. "The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd," the mother said, "And got the flo-ur

read - y, So I will make the bread." She scooped from out the bar - rel The

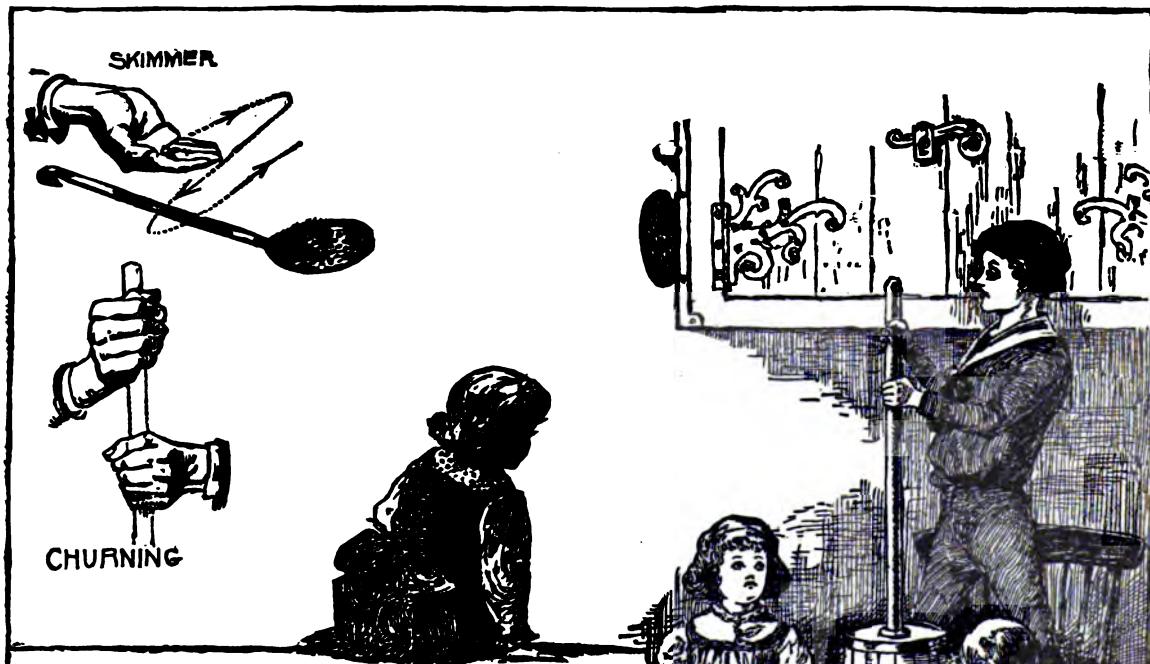
flo-ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.

2 Then in the pan of flour
 A little salt she threw;
 A cup of yeast she added,
 And poured in water, too.
 To mix them all together
 She stirred with busy might,
 Then covered it and left it
 Until the bread was light.

3 More flour then she sifted
 And kneaded well the dough,
 And in the waiting oven
 The loaves of bread did go.
 The mother watched the baking,
 And turned the loaves, each one,
 Until at last, rejoicing,
 She said, " My bread is done!"



XVII. MAKING BUTTER.

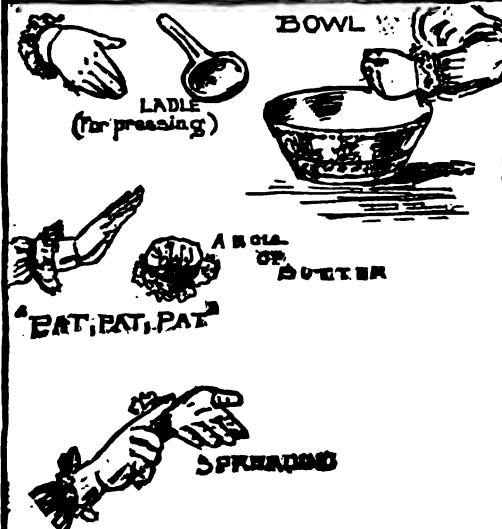


Skim, skim, skim,
With the skimmer bright ;
Take the rich and yellow cream,
Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,
Now 'tis churning day ;
Till the cream to butter turn
Dasher must not stay.



Press, press, press;
All the milk must be
From the golden butter now
Pressed out carefully



Pat, pat, pat;
Make it smooth and round.
See! the roll of butter's done—
Won't you buy a pound?

Taste, oh! taste,
This is very nice;
Spread it on the children's bread,
Give them each a slice.

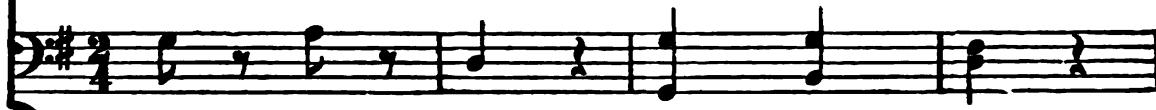
MAKING BUTTER.

M. M. Postlewait.

A. A. Romeo.



1. Skim, skim, skim, With the skim-mer bright;



Take the rich and yel-low cream, Leave the milk so white.



2 Churn, churn, churn,
Now 'tis churning day;
Till the cream to butter turn
Dasher must not stay.

3 Press, press, press;
All the milk must be
From the golden butter now
Pressed out carefully.

4 Pat, pat, pat,
Make it smooth and round.
See! the roll of butter's done—
Won't you buy a pound?

5 Taste, oh! taste,
This is very nice.
Spread it on the children's bread,
Give them each a slice.



XVIII. SANTA CLAUS.



O, clap, clap the hands,
And sing out with glee!
For Christmas is coming
And merry are we!

PAIR
OF REINDEER

IN SECOND AND
FOURTH VERSES

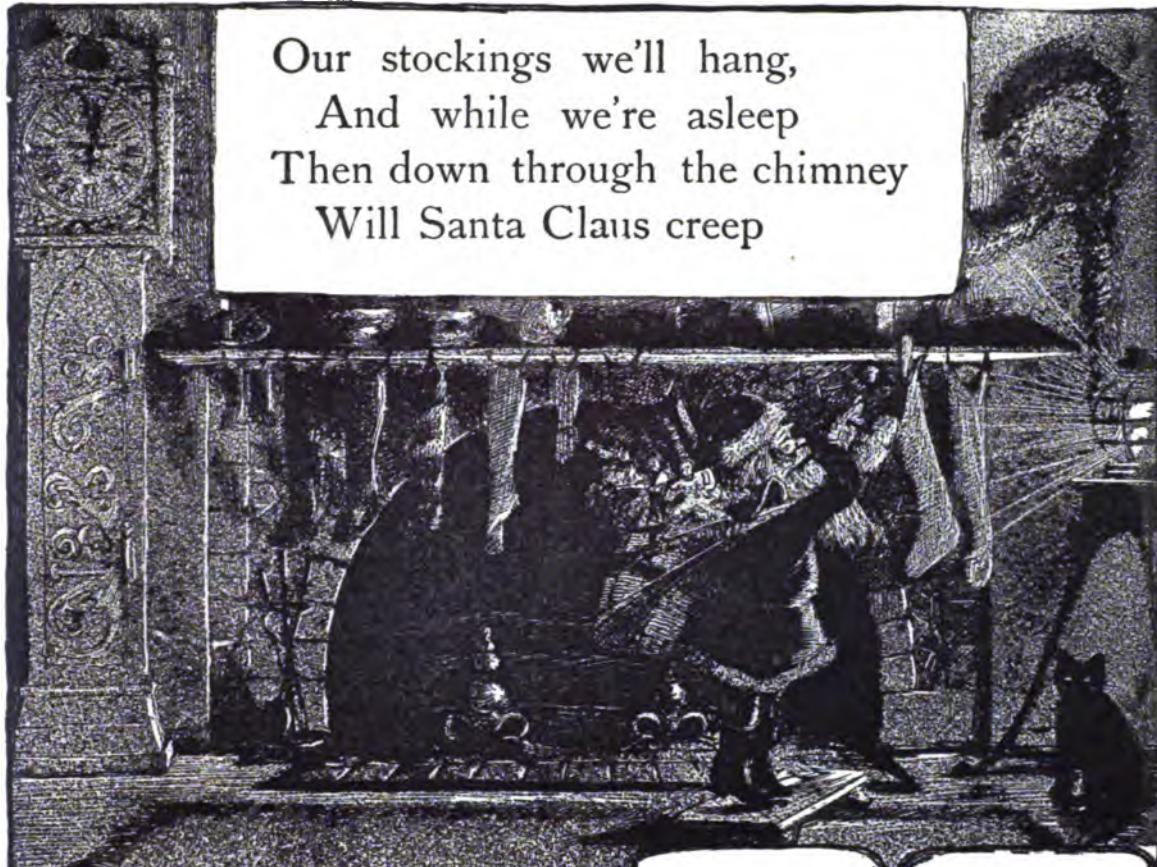
CLAPPING

THROUGH THE FIRST
AND LAST VERSES



Now swift o'er the snow
The tiny reindeer
Are trotting and bringing
Good Santa Claus near.

Our stockings we'll hang,
And while we're asleep
Then down through the chimney
Will Santa Claus creep



He'll empty his pack,
Then up he will come
And, calling his reindeer,
Will haste away home.



STOCKINGS



SANTA CLAUS

DOWN THE CHIMNEY



UP HE WILL COME



Then clap, clap the hands!
And sing out with glee,
For Christmas is coming
And merry are we!

SANTA CLAUS.

1. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
 2. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
 3. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For

Christ-mas is com-ing and mer-ry are we! Now swift o'er the snow The
 Christ-mas is com-ing and mer-ry are we! Our stock-ings we'll hang, And
 Christ-mas is com-ing and mer-ry are we! He'll emp-ty his pack, Then

ti-ny rein-deer Are trot-ting and bring-ing Good San-ta Claus near.
 while we're a-sleep Then down thro' the chim-ney Will San-ta Claus creep.
 up he will come And, call-ing the rein-deer, Will hasten away home.

